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In Memoriam
C. RODMAN JONES

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In Memoriam
C. RODMAN JONES



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C. Rodman Jones
Jan 1904

In Memoriam

C. RODMAN JONES

BORN AUGUST 14, 1875

DIED JUNE 25, 1909

BY

CHARLES HENRY JONES

Actis ævum implet, non seignibus annis



PHILADELPHIA

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BATANGAS
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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
C. RODMAN JONES, January, 1904	<i>Frontispiece</i>
LIEUTENANT C. RODMAN JONES AT THE PRESIDIO, October 15, 1899	18
LIEUTENANT C. RODMAN JONES ON A "HIKE" IN THE PHILIP- PINES, June, 1900.....	28
LIEUTENANT C. RODMAN JONES IN HIS QUARTERS AT BATANGAS, May, 1902.....	38
LIEUTENANT C. RODMAN JONES, FIRST CAVALRY U.S.A., AT BATANGAS, July, 1902	48

In Memoriam

C. RODMAN JONES



WHILE it is true that the credit for the victory belongs by common consent to the man who has the greater number of stars upon his shoulder-straps, it is equally true that the battle could not have been fought and won but for the valor of those who, though of lesser rank, also wore shoulder-straps, and swords at their sides (unless they had drawn them), or of those who carried a musket. If we are looking about for the foundation stones upon which the fabric is reared, we shall find them here. Where is their memorial? Even the brightest deeds will sink into comparative obscurity, even in the time of those who looked on them, unless some pains are taken to record them, so as to recall them to the view of men. This narrative is none the less fitting because there have been wars upon a much larger scale, in which more gunpowder was shot away, more blood shed, and in which, apparently, far greater things were at stake; though if we look far enough into the future, it may turn out not to be so. In its way, however, it stands out

quite alone among the records of military affairs. Nor is it the less fitting because the subject of it was a young officer of lesser rank. In military matters the qualities of an officer, according to his opportunities, may unfold themselves as well, and as valiant deeds be done, in smaller arenas and in lower rank as in the larger and higher ones. The quality may exist where the quantity is absent. The best that can be expected of a soldier, no matter what his station, is that he deal creditably with the facts that are around him. When he has done that, he has given sanction to the record of his deeds. Milton has even said that "they also serve who only stand and wait."

CHARLES RODMAN JONES was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and received his education at the well-known primary school of Miss Haven, on Pine Street below Broad, the Episcopal Academy, and the William Penn Charter School.

In 1897 he made a pleasure tour along the east coast of Africa, visiting the towns of East London, Durban, Beira, Mozambique, and Zanzibar, and returned by the Suez Canal and Italy. He preferred a comfortable state-room in a sailing vessel out of New York, and had been out of sight of land for three months when he landed in South Africa.

When the Spanish-American War broke out, in the spring of the following year (now less than twelve years ago, and well within the memory of

every one), there was a patriotic sweep that drew into the current the active, enthusiastic, and patriotic youth of the time. It was their answer to the call of their country. These calls, as a rule, fall upon ears that are too dull to hear, so that the few who do respond come rightly by the admiration and respect that are so liberally bestowed upon them, and it is one reason why these are so bestowed.

Among those who answered this call was C. Rodman Jones, a young man just starting out in life, then in his twenty-third year, who promptly enlisted in Company D, First Regiment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania. There was no time or opportunity to consider a commission, so he entered the ranks, and served there until he was honorably mustered out at the close of the war.

At the time of his enlistment he occupied a position with the United Gas Improvement Company, one of the largest corporations in Philadelphia, which agreed to keep his place open for him if he should return.

He began his service with the First Regiment in camp at Mount Gretna, Pennsylvania, and from there he was transferred with the regiment to the camp of the United States Army at Chickamauga National Park in Georgia. On their way there, flowers and trinkets were strewn in their path at almost every railway station.

While at Chickamauga he was detailed to headquarters by Major-General Brooke, who com-

manded the army, and was appointed by him a mounted orderly upon his staff. A virulent form of fever was prevalent in the camp at Chickamauga, and while Mr. Jones was on the way to Porto Rico with General Brooke he was taken ill with this fever, which he had contracted in the camp, and was confined by it to a bed of suffering for over eight weeks. He always recalled with gratitude the attention he received from General Brooke while he was with him during the early stages of this fever, who every morning sent him flowers from the store which the citizens showered upon him during the journey. He was so sick, as his comrades reported, that he was indifferent to the demonstrations they met with, during their progress toward Porto Rico, from the young ladies and others who had assembled at the railway stations as they passed. His gallantry was such that this would have been impossible if he had not been utterly prostrated.

As is well known, the United States by the treaty of peace with Spain acquired the Philippine Islands, in the antipodes, between the fourth and twentieth degrees of north latitude, over ten thousand miles from Pennsylvania, inhabited by an infinite variety of treacherous, half-civilized tribes and mixed races (mestizos) speaking an infinite variety of languages of doubtful etymology, unfriendly to each other, and none of them in sympathy with the United States. The

heavy yoke of Spain had been removed from their necks as an incident of the Spanish-American War, and they were unwilling to bear what they considered to be another. They were not capable of understanding how beneficent and beneficial the rule of the United States would be. They therefore declared their independence, organized a republican form of government, and were in open and armed hostility to the sovereignty of the United States. Manila was the only place in the islands where the authority of the United States was supreme. The islands were distant—on the extreme other side of the Pacific Ocean, mountainous, volcanic, malarious, poorly adapted to military operations, with practically no internal improvements, and the problem of suppressing the insurrection was a formidable, complex, and most difficult one. The United States had suddenly and unexpectedly, as the result of the war, become a world-power, and this problem was watched with interest by all the nations of the earth, with varied opinions as to the prospect of its successful solution. The regular army was entirely too small to undertake the task, and volunteer regiments were called into the service of the United States for that purpose, under the act of Congress approved March 2, 1899. It was a call to the patriotism of the young men of the country under an unusual condition of affairs, in a peculiar crisis in the history of the country when their services were needed. Hav-

ing undertaken the task, it was important to the honor of the country that it should be successfully accomplished.

To this call young Mr. Jones, undaunted by the discouraging experience he had already had in the service during the Spanish-American War, promptly responded, and at the age of twenty-three accepted a commission offered him by President McKinley as lieutenant in the 28th Volunteer Infantry in the service of the United States. He was one of the youngest officers in the army. He was ordered to Fort Myer, and from there to Camp Meade, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where his regiment was organized in July, 1899. At this point they began the making of history.

The greatest care was exercised in the selection of the men for this regiment, from among those who were sent to Camp Meade from the recruiting stations. The regiment was in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert W. Leonard—the colonel, William E. Birkhimer, who was a graduate of West Point, being then in the Philippines. The majors of the First and Second battalions were also graduates of West Point and officers in the regular army.

The two months spent at Camp Meade were profitably and assiduously employed in the hard work of training, organizing, drilling, and disciplining the regiment in preparation for the campaign in the Philippines that was before them. This was made less difficult, however, by the fact

that many of the men had been soldiers before. At the end of the time the regiment had attained a high degree of efficiency. A week or ten days of this time was spent by each battalion in target practice at Mount Gretna. Lieutenant Jones was an officer of Company H in the Second Battalion, of which Elmore F. Taggart, a graduate of West Point and an officer in the regular army, was major.

On Monday, September 25, 1899, the regiment left Camp Meade for San Francisco, in a train composed of three sections, each section carrying a battalion. On its way the Second Battalion left the train for exercise parade at Indianapolis, Kansas City, Cheyenne Wells (Kansas), Rawlins (Wyoming), Ogden (Utah), and Terrace (Nevada), looking spick-and-span, for in this respect the 28th had been particular. At each of these towns they were received with enthusiasm, and were much admired on their march for their soldierlike appearance. It was almost like a triumphant march across the continent.

They reached San Francisco on Monday, October 2, after a railway journey of upwards of thirty-three hundred miles, and after a long march through the streets went into camp at the Presidio, where they remained for over three weeks, waiting for their transportation, and spending most of their time in practice at the target range.

On Thursday, October 26, the regimental headquarters, staff, band, and the First and Second

battalions embarked on board the army transport "Tartar" for the Philippines. They arrived at Honolulu early in the morning of November 3, and after a parade through this beautiful town, for exercise, continued their voyage at half past seven on the following evening, along the tropical latitude of the Philippines, with their horizon ever moving further and further from home.

Day after day for seven weeks the routine, instruction, and experience of military life went unremittingly on within the walls of this army transport—a great floating barracks tossed about by the sea. Around them was nothing but the never-changing open ocean. Though it was in the late fall, they were dressed in their summer uniforms, for the climate was warm. The future to which they were constantly drawing nearer was a blank to them. It suggested nothing to their minds that they could connect with the past. Everything—climate, people, country—was strange and unfamiliar, but it awakened a certain curiosity in them as to how the troublous times there in that future were to be settled down, how they were to bring order out of the chaos that was there with the force they were carrying with them. They had heard a good deal about it. They understood their mission. They knew it was not an easy one; but above all they knew that the whole atmosphere there was darkened by the ignorance and brutality of the purblind, inferior people who lived in it, and that it was the

mission of the Government they served to make it better. This was elevating—was uplifting to the brave spirits that had undertaken the task, worthy of the respect of those who are able to understand. As for the rest, men like these have little concern.

At last from the "crow's-nest" were dimly discerned the outlines of the coast of Luzon. So the "Tartar" with its reinforcements cast anchor in Manila Bay, where Dewey's fleet had lain, at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, November 22. The troops were kept on board for two days, when they were taken ashore in lighters and marched for about a mile through the strange streets of Manila to the old barracks of Cuartel de Meisic, where, within the same walls that had for so many years enclosed the vanished legions of old Spain, they passed their first night on Philippine soil. What a night it must have been! It was the turning-point to which their preparation had led up, and at which their hard experience was to begin. The 28th Infantry had become part of the army in the Philippines.

Their arrival had been anxiously awaited, and no time for relaxation after their long voyage was allowed them. They did not ask or expect any. A soldier at such a time and in such a place could expect none. They were there ready for duty, and anxious to be assigned to it. At noon of the very next day (the 25th), under orders from the Department commander, they were hurried, equipped

for the field, to Bacoor, a little town on the south side of Manila Bay, twelve miles from Manila, in the province of Cavite, the place of greatest distinction and importance, where the insurgents were in force, bold and aggressive. The Second Battalion was transported in cascoes towed by steam launches across the waters where Dewey's battle had been fought, and waded ashore at Bacoor about ten o'clock that night. They were now at the front, as Cavite Province was defiantly held by the insurgent forces. It was the home of Aguinaldo, the President of the Philippine Republic. It had always been troublesome to Spain, as the most intelligent of her restless and refractory Philippine subjects lived there, and it was the place where all the revolutionary plots in the islands had been hatched. It was now regarded as the stronghold of the insurgents, where their best organized and best equipped troops were stationed. These troops, by reason of their superiority, went by the name of "Bon Cavite." The enemies' lines were just outside Bacoor, and when Lieutenant Jones was sent out late that night on outpost duty toward Big Bend, he found himself within the sound of their bugle calls and the fire of their sharp-shooters.

On December 6, with his company, he moved his station further out from Bacoor to Big Bend, where he remained performing outpost duty until General Wheaton, the brigade commander, was ready to order the advance into the interior



LIEUTENANT C. RODMAN JONES AT THE PRESIDIO
October 15, 1899

toward the south. There were skirmishes about the town of Imus, three miles below, in which Lieutenant Jones was engaged, and in which the insurgents were held in check.

The sanitary conditions of the country were bad, and small-pox was prevalent about Imus and Bacoar. Tropical birds, fruits, animals, vermin, and vegetation were abundant on every hand. The little brown natives chattered in a foreign tongue, and everything was as alien and unfamiliar to an American as it was possible for it to be. The little, low, unsubstantial buildings were constructed to withstand the shock of earthquakes, which were frequent, and the only buildings that were at all imposing were those of the Catholic Church, which through centuries of untiring effort had brought the natives under absolute subjection and control.

Among these contrasted surroundings Lieutenant Jones passed his first Christmas of the campaign sadly enough.

The cunning insurgents, in view of these aggressive movements on the part of the 28th Infantry, and impressed by the gravity of the situation, had intrenched themselves strongly and skilfully in advantageous positions in the woods below Imus and at Putol. They were brave and well uniformed, organized, and equipped. Many of their officers had been educated in Europe, and were as competent as their limited capacity would admit. There were also among them deserters from the

ranks of American troops that had previously been in the Philippines.

When the order came to advance, on Sunday, January 7, the Second Battalion, followed by the Third, marched out the Dasmarinas road, the band playing an air called "There will be a hot time in the old town to-night." They must have had plenty of time, and it would seem quite natural for them as they marched along, to adjust their minds to the gravity of the duty that lay before them and to reflect upon what the outcome of it was to be; and notwithstanding the affectation of levity in the air that was played by the band, the silence, no doubt, was only broken by the heavy, even tread of those two battalions marching to the time of the music along that Dasmarinas road. To one who is not a soldier this would seem to be an occasion of much solemnity.

The Second Battalion, as they neared the enemy, deployed to the left, and the Third to the right, leaving the road clear for the artillery. They had formed in line of battle, and on they marched steadily into the range of the enemy's guns. Suddenly there came from the woods a terrific fire and the whizzing sound of thousands of bullets flying over their heads. They did not falter. Quickly the orders flew, and the men of the two battalions, throwing themselves down, brought their rifles to their shoulders, and with unerring aim this terrific fire was returned. The enemy outnumbered them three or four to one,

and were confident and defiant. Their vanity had led them to believe they could turn back this advancing column. For many hours this battle, known as the battle of Tancanluma, raged fiercely. Lieutenant Jones was in the thickest of it. He lost one of his men within a few paces of him. Volley after volley was exchanged in quick succession. A few of the Americans fell, but the whole line held its ground, with the support of the artillery, against this terrific fire from the enemy's intrenched position. The 28th Infantry had been well trained in marksmanship, as we have seen, and as time went on the heads along the intrenchments disappeared. Toward evening, after the battle had lasted for hours, the order came to charge, and with a loud shout the two battalions rushed forward with flashing bayonets, stormed the earthworks, and drove the insurgents before them, passing as they did so over the bodies of their dead and wounded. The insurgent loss was 85 killed and 57 wounded. It was a hard-fought fight and a gallant victory. Its result had an important bearing upon the fate of the insurrection and the ultimate pacification of the Philippines. It and the battle of Putol, fought the same day in the same neighborhood by the First Battalion, were the most serious battles fought in the Philippines during the insurrection, not excepting the battle of Manila.

As Lieutenant Jones went over the intrenchments at Tancanluma at the head of his men, he

was confronted by the figure of an insurgent leaning firmly against the breastwork, with his rifle at his shoulder pointed directly at him. When, however, Lieutenant Jones rushed at this bold and apparently mortal antagonist, he discovered that the man was dead.

His major, who had been at San Juan, and who was in command of the troops that day, in writing of this battle to his wife afterwards, referred to the bravery displayed by Lieutenant Jones. He said he had observed his behavior throughout the entire action, and it had been "like that of a veteran."

Lieutenant Jones afterwards wrote modestly of this battle as follows: "We started across the rice-fields, sinking up to our knees in the mud in some places and fording small streams. The intrenchments of the enemy were in the woods, and we were in the open, and we were at once subjected to a heavy fire. Our men were ordered to lie on their faces, and volley after volley was fired. The bullets whizzed over us; one struck within two feet of me, another tore up the ground right at my foot. One of my men, Williams, was mortally wounded within two paces of me. I helped him to the rear, the bullets flying over our heads all the while. Finally we charged the intrenchments and carried them, passing over the bodies of their dead and wounded. Night had come on, and after the insurgents had scattered we threw ourselves on the ground we had fought so hard for,

and soon were sound asleep, dreaming of our far away homes and the loved ones there. We were up bright and early the next morning, and continued our march, after a little hardtack and coffee, until we raised the American flag over Perez Dasmarinas."

Some people keep anniversaries of less important events in their lives, or possibly may make of it a day of thanksgiving.

A few weeks before, word had been brought into the insurgent camps that these troops which had just landed at Bacoar were volunteers, and this was freely circulated among them as good news in a way that was encouraging to the insurgents and disparaging to the volunteers. That is one reason why these Filipinos felt so confident they could turn them back. But after the battles of Tancanluma and Putol they changed their minds, and the impression became general among them that this sort of volunteer was, if anything, more dangerous than the regular of whom they had heard, or with whom they had been acquainted.

The over whelming and decisive defeat of the insurgents at the battles of Tancanluma and Putol practically put an end to organized warfare on the part of the insurgents. They broke up after that into small bands and took refuge in the mountains. The struggle became that most trying form of military service known as guerrilla warfare, in which the enemy attacks stealthily

and is ever elusive. In this the Filipinos found their mountain fastnesses most formidable allies. They would not come out where these troops could get at them. They considered that too dangerous. It was necessary to go after them, no matter where they were, and to disperse them wherever they could be found. This mode of warfare imposed upon the American troops one continuous succession of forced marches and reconnoitring and scouting expeditions against this elusive enemy armed with rifles and bolos, sometimes through swamps and rice-fields, across the fords of swift rivers and creeks, through jungles, and over almost impassable mountains, in the incessant downpour of the rainy season or under the scorching rays of a tropical sun. In these "hikes," as they were called, the troops were ever exposed to ambush, and suffered from exposure, exhaustion, homesickness, and the want of proper nourishment, which often caused them to pass many feverish nights in the hospitals.

Though the organized power of the insurgents was broken, the scattered fragments of their army, well equipped, were still in the mountains, with their lines of communication open. The provinces of Cavite and Batangas were therefore in a very unsafe, unsettled, and turbulent condition.

While the Third Battalion, with the headquarters of the 28th, remained at Dasmarinas to hold the ground there, it was thought wise to

send the First Battalion down to Taal, on the southern coast of Luzon, and the Second Battalion on long marches across the rough country to Calamba, at the foot of Laguna de Bay, and back again to Naic and Nasugbu, on the coast of the China Sea, for the purpose of beating up the insurgents before the battalion went to its long base of operations at Balayan.

After remaining on active duty at Dasmarinas for twelve days, therefore, Lieutenant Jones made the hard march of forty-five miles with his battalion to Calamba. They left Dasmarinas in the evening, and marched all night through this trackless wilderness. The country over which the line of their march lay was a wild and difficult one. Rough mountain ranges and deep ravines ran directly across their path. Through these ravines rivers and smaller streams, filled with great boulders, ran down into Laguna de Bay. There were no roads, and the mountain trails were difficult and poorly defined, so they had to find their way up the steep mountain-sides and down into these deep ravines as best they could. Though these mountains over which they passed were full of armed insurgents, they were so scattered and demoralized by their recent crushing defeat that they did not attempt to molest the troops, being apparently perfectly well satisfied to keep out of their way.

The Second Battalion remained as the garrison of Calamba, with all the incidents of garrison life

in time of war in the enemy's country (in which Lieutenant Jones bore his full part), for ten days, when they resumed their march back across Cavite Province to the town of Naic. On this march they passed through the towns of Cabuyas, Santa Rosa, Binan, Carmonia, Silang, and Indang. After a weary and vigilant march of forty miles, which occupied the greater part of three days, they reached Naic, where they performed garrison duty, with scouting expeditions into the neighborhood, for fifteen days, and then continued their march by the way of Magallenes to Nasugbu. This latter part of their march was a particularly rough and fatiguing one, over the passes and ravines of the Alfonso range of mountains and through perilous defiles that could have been held by almost a squad of insurgents; and this country along the coast of the China Sea, into which they were marching, was the hot-bed of insurgents and ladrones.

These battles had been fought and these long and exhausting marches had been made by these troops without their baggage. Their campaigning had been so rapid and difficult for nearly three months that they could not carry it with them, but were obliged to leave it behind at Manila in the hold of the transport.

The exhausting march from Naic to Nasugbu (a distance of thirty-eight miles) covered three days, and was made under the rays of a fearfully hot sun.

"Toward evening of the second day," wrote a

newspaper correspondent at that time, "they reached the banks of the pretty little river Amaya, where they concluded to bivouac for the night, and enter Nasugbu in the morning. Lieutenant Jones was placed in command of the outpost. While visiting the outpost, Lieutenant Jones made discoveries which led him to believe the enemy was near and about to attack. Although his patrol numbers but eight men (one squad), he continued to the furthestmost outpost, to warn the brave fellows of the danger and call them into the picket line. He was within two hundred yards of the outpost when the attack came. The firing was hard and fierce. Instead of falling back for reinforcements, he took in with a glance the line of flashing guns, and noted that the line of fire was rapidly extending around the exposed outpost. With a quick 'Steady, fellows! Come on!' he advanced double time toward the right of the exposed outpost. Reaching the point, he ordered his squad to pour in rapid volleys, in the darkness, low and hard, at the flashing line of fire. The enemy, surprised, wavered, when the intrepid lieutenant dashed forward, calling loudly, 'Companies forward, double time, march!' The insurgents, bent only on annihilating the outpost, thinking a couple of companies were coming, gave one volley and turned and ran. The lieutenant's audacity had saved the day with only eight men." The sound of this firing aroused the distant camp, but as it soon subsided, they were able

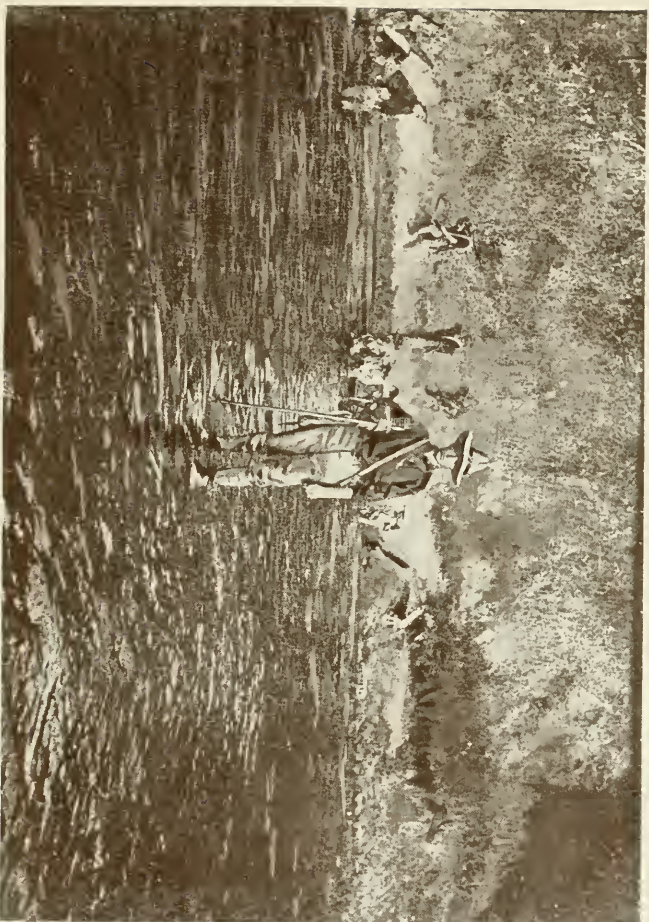
to return, without knowing the cause of it, to their much-needed rest.

It requires but little assistance from the imagination to understand what it means to bear the responsibility of guarding a sleeping camp through the night, as commander of the outpost, in the country of such an enemy as this.

When they reached the ruins of Nasugbu, which, before the Spaniards had burned it, was the flourishing centre of the sugar district, the camp was pitched on the plaza. Lieutenant Jones remained here with his company for nineteen days, doing outpost duty and patrolling the surrounding country. During these long scouts, many of which were made on the native ponies, numbers of insurgents were killed or captured, with arms and ammunition.

The condition of the Philippines at that time appears from the following letter, written by Lieutenant Jones from Naic in February, 1900:

“The situation in the Philippines is better now than it has been at any time since the American troops landed, though it is still very grave. It will improve very slowly hereafter, and it will take many years before the islands are pacified. There is no organized insurgent army in the field anywhere, but the insurgents still hold their arms, which are carefully concealed, and though disguised under the name of amigos, they are still hostile, and ready to take up arms against us at any time. They are only kept in subjection now



LIEUTENANT C. RODMAN JONES ON A "HIKE" IN THE PHILIPPINES

June, 1900

Wounded soldier in ambulance in the rear, borne by natives

by the presence of the American army. They do not realize that this occupation is a blessing instead of a curse. They do not realize that they are utterly unfit to govern themselves. They are a poor, deluded people. In time this will all be changed, but many years of Spanish oppression has made these people suspicious and hostile. We have been fighting them with a rifle in one hand and an olive branch in the other, but they do not appreciate it. None of us feel safe at any time against their treachery.

"I have had ample opportunities for observing the character of civil government established in the interior by the Americans. I have formed part of the garrison of three towns, Perezdasmarinas, Calamba, and Naic, and have either visited or rested while on long marches in a dozen more. The first and only consideration in every case is the native Filipino and his welfare. The commanding officers are selected for their special fitness to administer these governments; are accomplished officers of the regular army, and many of them have had experience in Puerto Rico and Cuba. These governments are uniformly wise and liberal, and not in the least degree oppressive. Uniform justice is meted out to every one. Yet the people are restless, suspicious, and unfriendly. This is only because they are deceived by their leaders, who do not hesitate to invent any story that will prejudice them against the Americans and to grossly misrepresent.

"No one can be an observer of affairs in the Philippines long without being satisfied what a blessing to the Filipinos this American occupation is. If it were not for the influence of these leaders, very many of the natives would soon become truly friendly to the Americans. But most of them are civilized to a very limited degree; are ignorant and superstitious, with no knowledge of the outside world except such as they have derived through the Spanish. The American army in Luzon is now large enough to hold and garrison all the captured towns, and if the natives were left to themselves in the security which our troops afford them, they would accept and realize the blessings of American rule. But the hostile Tagals come and go freely among them, in the disguise of amigos, and keep their prejudices constantly aroused by their appeals and misrepresentations. If it were not for the protection of the American troops, they would murder those who had shown friendship for the Americans for the purpose of terrorizing those who will not be persuaded. The Tagals do not realize that their cause is lost. They are still hopeful that the tide may yet turn in their favor. As a rule they are ignorant, credulous, with less education than the average American child of ten or twelve years of age, and are easily prejudiced and influenced by their leaders.

"The Catholic Church has a strong hold upon these people, and they are very superstitious. A hostile Tagal can pass with perfect freedom,

under the guise of an amigo, from the American lines into the insurgent lines, and carry any information to and fro he may see fit, and they carry false stories of the most heinous atrocities committed by American troops. These Tagals have among them many leaders who have been fairly well educated in foreign countries, and they have great influence over the masses. This is the greatest difficulty that confronts the Americans. If these leaders could be removed, the difficulty of pacifying these people would be very much simplified. As it is, if the garrisons were withdrawn from the towns, Manila included, an American would not be safe there for five minutes. The insurgent army is now broken up into small bands, who carry on an irregular warfare from the mountains with which these volcanic islands abound. These are supplemented by the lawless classes who have no higher object than plunder. They are nothing less than highwaymen, or ladrones, as they are called here, and they give our troops plenty to do. It will require the investment of American capital, the building of railroads, and other internal improvements to entirely eradicate this evil. These ladrones lie in wait, and try to ambush wagon trains, or the wagons of the natives who carry on trade between the army in the interior and Manila. If the leaders were out of the way and the ladrones were summarily punished, the process of civilizing and developing the Philippines would go on much

more rapidly. The masses would exchange their arms for the blessings of the good government the Americans are giving them, and these islands which have been stained with the blood of so many of our brave soldiers would soon flourish under our control, and become one of our most valuable possessions."

Each battalion contained four companies, and from Nasugbu Lieutenant Jones with his company preceded the other three companies of the battalion over a very difficult country to Bala-yan, situated eighteen miles below on the bay of that name, on the southern coast of the island of Luzon. This town was to become the base of their active operations for seven months. The region about it was considered the most troublesome district in the island. Their post was shut off from the outside world, communication with Manila, which was almost entirely by water, being irregular and infrequent. The insurgents thereabout were called "South Liners," as distinguished from those of the north, and were considered to be the hardest fighters in the islands.

The country was filled with treacherous bands of these insurgents and of ladrones, as the highwaymen or brigands were called. It was not safe for officers or men to go out alone. It may be recalled that at that time many officers who had ventured but a short distance from their quarters disappeared mysteriously, and no one ever knew

what became of them. It is known that some were buried alive. These people believe in cruelty and homicide. The members of officers' families were not allowed to join them, as it was deemed unsafe, and Americans were advised not to venture outside of Manila, because proper protection could not be afforded them. It is not easy for a civilian to understand how an officer, or any one else for that matter, constantly exposed to such a peril, can so easily keep it out of mind. Small detachments of troops were liable at any time to be ambushed. To keep these lawless Tagalogs down, to harass them (to capture them was next to impossible), to prevent them from organizing and receiving and storing arms and ammunition, to break up communication between them, to tire them out, to cut off their supplies of provisions, to intimidate and disperse them, became the hard duty of the Second Battalion while it garrisoned these Filipino towns, and while it was stationed at Balayan during those seven exacting months; and small bodies of troops selected from the different companies were kept constantly out patrolling the mountains night and day, in the rainy and in the dry season, and Manila was filled from time to time with rumors of their achievements. Lieutenant Jones was always on the fighting line.

It was not only in the dangers and hardships of an active campaign such as this, in a difficult country, that Lieutenant Jones as a young officer

of infantry bore his part and won his laurels. It was on an island thousands of miles from home. It was natural that such a life should have its moments of oppression. There were in those times, no doubt, many melancholy days. Sometimes it must have been as dark as Erebus. This army, like all armies, was chiefly made up of young men whose home ties had not been weakened by absence or experience, and these boys were followed to the Philippines by a reciprocal interest. That interest was not so strong in all cases, to be sure, as it was in O'Hara's, whose sisters tried to drag him from the military train as it passed through Pittsburgh on the way to the Philippines. But it was always strong. Distance had strengthened rather than impaired this invisible cord. It was no wonder, then, that in their hardest trials in that far-off land the thoughts of these young soldiers should sometimes be turned to their distant hearth-stones. It was said that the military bands were forbidden to play "Home, Sweet Home." In all armies engaged in foreign service it is a known fact that nostalgia is a fixed and recognized disease.

This war was carried on against an inferior race, whose chief amusement was cock-fighting, whose conduct had excited the contempt of these American soldiers, whose habits and customs were unfamiliar to them, whose Malayan skin was of a different color, whose towns and villages in which the people lived who tilled the soil were little

more than small collections of low nipa shacks, who were treacherous—professing to be friends while they were with them, calling themselves “amigo,” yet stealing off to the bands of insurgents in the night with information and supplies, and who after a fight were often found dead among the hostile Filipinos. As Lieutenant Jones wrote from Naic, in February, 1900, “We have been fighting them with a rifle in one hand and an olive branch in the other, but they do not appreciate it. None of us feel safe at any time against their treachery.”

For nearly three years in these earnest times Lieutenant Jones walked the crude streets and had his quarters in the little shacks of these unsightly Philippine towns, among these strange people, steadfast, not knowing what fate the morrow had in store for him, or perhaps not expecting the morrow to bring much change, with the care of his men constantly on his mind, and the enemy all around him, getting along as well as he could without news from home, and bearing himself like a man, a soldier, and a gentleman. Everywhere about him, of course, were the remains of the Spanish occupation—over three centuries of them, language, currency, places, churches, manners, and customs. We can almost see him, in the mind’s eye, in clear outline, as we are trying to recall what he did and suffered there in the honorable place he filled, how faithfully he bore his responsibilities, and how he contrasted

at times, in no very happy mood, perhaps, his environment with the comforts and entertainments of other situations he had known, all of which has now gone into the irretrievable past. And what are we to say of the patience of it all, of its fortitude—how he was obliged to put up with the rats and insects, how he grew accustomed to monsoons and earthquakes, and to the use of the clumsy buffaloes as beasts of burden and in the tillage of the soil, in the days that he passed there nearly ten years ago? Then there were the ever present hospitals, with their suffering sick and wounded soldiers. Whatever benefit or value an experience of this kind may have for a young man were his, all of it deserving of more praise than it will get, perhaps, in our time.

It was a sad and lonely life, spent at constantly changing stations (changes without variety), under the daily round of military discipline from morning until night in time of war in an enemy's country, broken only by such pleasures of social life as the conditions would admit of, of familiarity with the daily sound of bugle-calls from dawn to the last call of the day, from reveille to taps. Often Lieutenant Jones and his comrades would be awakened at night by the crackling sound of volleys fired by lurking insurgents at their quarters or into their camps. It was the taking of early roll-call, going the round of inspection, attending guard-mount, or acting as officer of the day, sitting on courts-martial or other boards,

and performing many other minor duties incident to the routine of an officer's active life in time of war which made up for him a busy day. Things moved swiftly enough. He often found himself, young as he was, in very trying situations of importance, danger, and responsibility, but his courage, his judgment, and the confidence that comes from a sense of power as the head of armed forces always brought him successfully out of them.

The little world he looked out upon in all those years was a small enough one indeed, and not prepossessing, but there were some people there, the best of the natives, who might be called cultivated, who were wealthy, and had had the advantages and opportunities of foreign education and travel. Perhaps there were ladies in the family. These people were not friendly to the American cause. From among them came the officers in the insurgent army. But they were not bitterly unfriendly. They were courteous to the American officers, who brought into their drawing-rooms that effective charm which somehow seems to dwell in a soldier's shoulder-straps and the buttons of a soldier's coat. It made them welcome there and brought some brightness into their lives, a brightness which they found in the relaxation of an utter change of scene.

Often Lieutenant Jones would go out from Balayan with a detachment into the adjacent mountains, against the lurking Tagalog bands

who made the outskirts and roads leading to Balayan unsafe. They were able to take very little with them, only a little hardtack, coffee, and bacon. To recount one of these expeditions is to describe them all. It meant a climb up the rough surface of steep mountain-sides, often through the tangled growth of the briar and underbrush for miles and miles, where one mile covered counted for two or three, down into wild ravines, going out of their way to explore places that looked like intrenchments or as though they might shelter a band of insurgents or ladrones. Often their attention would be arrested by the misleading sound of wild-fowl or other inhabitants of the wilderness. The tension was a strain upon their nerves, for it was necessary for them always to be on the alert, as though they were hunting wild beasts—pursuing armed bands that were lying in wait for them. They would come to almost impassable beds of rocks, and streams that they waded through waist-deep, or rivers which in the rainy season became raging torrents that they did not dare to attempt. They were obliged, withal, to proceed as stealthily as they could, and sometimes they would surprise a camp, and then under their deadly aim, even at long range, but few of their enemies would escape, and they might lose a man. Some who begged for mercy were taken prisoners. They took away with them from the enemy all the arms and ammunition they were able to carry, and everything else was



LIEUTENANT C. RODMAN JONES IN HIS QUARTERS AT BATANGAS
May, 1902

destroyed. Often these camps were intrenched. Sometimes they would have a stand-up fight, with the same result. Sometimes (but never, fortunately, in Lieutenant Jones' case) the tables were turned, and the enemy would surprise them from behind their well protected ambush, as in Biegler's case. When the long day's march was over and night came on, they would set their pickets and throw themselves down upon the ground, exhausted, in the solitude of the mountain heights, often without shelter in the thick darkness of a pouring rain. Sometimes they would leave the mountains where the ravines ran out into the open, and would wade through malarious swamps and rice-fields, and then come back to cavernous defiles, and go over their experiences again in other mountains and ravines. It was a serious procession and would often last for three or four days at a time, during which they would cover as much as fifty miles.

There was one thing, however, that uplifted their spirits somewhat in these "hikes," and that was the only thing. The scenery at times was beautiful—the rivers, the valleys, the forests with their luxurious growth of bamboo, ebony, logwood, and gum trees, the mountains, and the lakes. The most imposing volcano in the islands was within twenty miles of Balayan, in the middle of Lake Taal. The turbulence that was going on in the region round about this volcano was almost as bad as that which was going on inside of it.

This is what a "hike" meant in those days in southern Luzon. This is what tested the metal of the brave men who undertook them. No pen is gifted enough to trace them upon paper as they really were.

It is difficult to conceive how a soldier's life under any conditions could have been more trying and severe. Yet these are the fields, rough as they are, in which reputations are earned. How willingly, if it had been permitted them, would these men have fought the battle of Tancanluma, with all its perils, over and over again, in exchange for these terrible ordeals!

Lieutenant Jones found it a hard and exacting line of duty from the day he set foot in the Philippines until he left them. It was the harder for him because of his devoted and affectionate attachment to his home. He was reduced by emaciation to almost a shadow of his former self, and only regained his normal weight in the long, restful homeward voyage of the regiment in the wholesome air of the Pacific. But he performed every task that was laid upon him uncomplainingly, almost heroically, with courage, alacrity, and fidelity. It was the work of a young man who was making his mark by deeds done that would have been creditable to any one. More than once he was sent to the hospital. For months he was in command of his company. When in July, 1900, two thousand insurgents under Malvar stealthily attacked and burned the town of Taal

(which was garrisoned by the First Battalion), though his temperature was over a hundred, he led one of the columns from Balayan to the relief of his comrades, against the remonstrances of the regimental surgeons.

There was but little room for repose in a strenuous life like this, but in his leisure moments, while he was resting in his quarters, he had the companionship of his pony and his pet monkeys and deer. There was a sense of loneliness in his nature which always found comfort in the society of his pets. He liked fellowship, and when it was not available, he found a substitute for it in them.

Of course, there is an infinite variety of incident and adventure in such a life as this for which there is no room in this brief narrative. Upon one occasion Lieutenant Jones rode overland from Manila to Balayan, with Colonel Leonard, other officers, and a guard as far as Taal. It was a most pleasant journey, and occupied several days. He left them there, and, anxious to rejoin his troops, continued his lonely ride along the perilous road from Taal to Balayan alone. Fortunately he arrived there safely, but received a kindly reprimand from Major Taggart for the recklessness of his undertaking.

Upon another occasion, anxious to get back to duty at Balayan, he availed himself of an opportunity to take passage on a boat from Manila manned by Filipinos. He had not gone far before his suspicions were aroused by the actions of the

crew, and nothing but his constant vigilance day and night, probably, enabled him to reach his destination in safety.

He was considerate of his men, one of whom was a graduate of Harvard, and others were from the better walks of life, many of them, no doubt, drawn into this adventure by the same motives that had actuated him. They shared each other's fortunes, and he retained their friendship and regard after their return to civil life.

When information reached headquarters at Balayan in May that Colonel Pablo Bourbon was stealthily collecting arms, ammunition, and stores, and was enlisting insurgents at Nasugbu, Lieutenant Jones was selected for the important duty of surprising and capturing this insurgent officer and his stores. With a sergeant and twenty-six mounted men he started on his night expedition at a quick trot until he reached Tuy, that lonely, deserted little town of Tuy through which they had passed so often, lonely at all times, but especially so on this lonely night ride. From this little village, which had once been a large and flourishing sugar town, he began the ascent of the Liau range of mountains over a poor trail, and after fording streams and crossing ravines he reached Nasugbu at four o'clock in the morning. He surrounded the town as well as his limited force would admit, and as his troops closed in around him he rode into the town, surprised and captured Colonel Bourbon and Captain Pastor Mayo, \$14,000 in

gold, 22 prisoners, arms, ammunition, and stores, destroyed a lot of rum, and returned in safety to Balayan with the fruits of his successful expedition—and he was then under twenty-five years of age. “The little band,” wrote a newspaper correspondent, “was sorely pressed on its return, but the men doughtily held their prizes and fought it out.”

For this gallant achievement Lieutenant Jones received the thanks of his commanding officer in the orders for the day. He stepped upon the field to receive this honor with a modesty that was characteristic and disconcerting. A stealthy attempt was afterwards made upon his life by a female friend of Colonel Bourbon. This attempt was only frustrated by the intervention of his orderly, who was near. This faithful orderly shortly afterwards laid down his life for his country in one of the affairs with the natives. The dagger with which this attempt was made and a piece of the Spanish gold coin are now before me, with the pictures of these noted prisoners.

When, late in October, friendly native runners brought letters to Balayan from Captain Biegler, stating that the party under his command had been ambushed and nearly annihilated in the Magallenes mountains, “such cheers and such queer jerks in the throat as happened,” wrote a newspaper correspondent at that time, “betokened well enough the sentiments of the men. Lieutenant Jones pushed with a column of one

hundred and fifty men into the hills, but the enemy was gone."

He found there, however, the mutilated body of John O'Hara, a soldier in his company, only nineteen years old, whom he reverently buried in those lonely Luzon hills under the spreading branches of a mango tree, having first carefully placed a memorandum showing his identity in a bottle which he fastened to his wrist with wire. It was suggestive of the whole situation about him to find this poor fellow up there, when he was looking for the ghouls who had mutilated his dead body. Sadly enough, too (for he was attached to him as he was to all his men, and they to him, a common peril having united them), as he stood over him there, and recalled that scene in the far-off railway station at Pittsburgh when his sisters had tried to drag him from the train. So they left him and marched back to their quarters at Balayan, expecting to renew the same experience at any time.

It is no wonder these striking incidents of the years he spent in those parts stood out in the mind of young Mr. Jones to the day of his death.

At length they had the comfort of knowing that their work had not been in vain. The insurgents were losing ground. The swift campaigning of the 28th had been too much for them. Their tropical fibre was not tough enough to withstand the untiring energy of the Americans. They had become less audacious, less confident, were harder to

find, were discouraged. They had not been able to rest or to concentrate. Pretty much all that was left of them was their treachery and their resentment.

Naturally, these distant military operations attracted the attention of his neighbors and friends at home—indeed, the attention of the whole community. They were kept informed through the newspapers and otherwise. The very novelty of the situation interested them, and they observed it closely. They followed the career of Lieutenant Jones, and with one accord heartily commended it. Men of the highest standing in the community spoke of it with praise. With justifiable pride this young man felt that he had accomplished something. Young though he was, he had been a successful leader and warden of men under trying conditions, though he always referred to it with modesty, and was inclined to avoid the congratulations that were offered him. It was all done without ostentation.

It was at a time when the military occupation of the Philippines was at its height. By far the larger part of the army of the United States, both regular and volunteer, was there. There were opportunities for frequent intercourse between the officers at their clubs and elsewhere, who were drawn to each other by their common interest in the situation. Friendships were made and acquaintances formed which extended into the future, and long afterwards Lieutenant Jones,

in his home in Philadelphia, was favored by visits from old comrades who looked him up on their way to other duties, and in these reunions they always thoroughly enjoyed their reminiscences of their life together in the Philippines.

After their hard service of seven months at Balayan was over, Lieutenant Jones and his company were relieved, and taking passage on the steamer "Petrarch," *via* Manila, the Pasig River, and Laguna de Bay, went down again to Calamba, in the glare of a long journey by water in those hot, sultry days, where they arrived on Wednesday, October 31, 1900. It was the second time they had garrisoned this little town at the foot of Laguna de Bay. They had scoured the whole of this impassable country, the whole of Cavite Province, the home of their favored people, driving the insurgents out of it, from Bacoor to Dasmarinas, to Calamba, back to Naic and Nasugbu, to Balayan, and back again to Calamba.

They remained at Calamba for a month, when they embarked on cascoes for Manila, and were transferred to the transport "Sumner" in Manila Bay. They waited there until the entire regiment was assembled, and on Monday, December 3, the fleet, consisting of the "Sumner," the "Garonne," and the "Lennox," which carried the horses and camp equipment, set sail for Cagayan, Mindanao, the most southern of the Philippine Islands. After a voyage of 725 miles they arrived in Macajalar Bay, off Cagayan, on December 6, 1900. The

28th Infantry, numbering 1125, were charged with the duty of pacifying 5000 unruly, half-civilized Visayans, which task they successfully accomplished.

Lieutenant Jones with his company disembarked at the mouth of the Cagayan River, and marched three miles up the river to the outskirts of Cagayan, where they pitched their tents. Ten days later the other officers and sixty-three men of his company were assigned to other duty, and he was left with the garrison of Cagayan, where he remained for thirty-four days in command of troops on scout and other military duty in the neighborhood. It was most important to hold securely the base of supplies while the main body was out on other duty in the interior.

He found the Visayans a shade better than the Tagalogs, though possessing the same general characteristics. They were more intelligent, and their towns were neater and more attractive.

When his garrison and scouting duty at Cagayan was over, he marched with his company across the country to Villanueva, where they bivouacked on the beach for the night, and on the following morning were taken by the transport "Carmen" up the coast to Balingasag. Here, with the same exacting daily routine in the life of an officer on active duty in time of war, he and his soldiers, who had become veterans by this time, faithfully performed for nearly eight weeks the hard tasks of pacifying the country that were allotted to them.

His work throughout this whole active campaign of sixteen months had been hard—terribly hard and exacting, but there was about it the charm of adventure, of danger, of patriotism, and of glory. It was worth doing. It was honorable and beautiful to serve these high ideals, and it brought out the strong and fine traits of character that were in him. The life had something of the picturesque about it, and there was in it a flavor of romance. There was, moreover, a fragrance of devotion about it which commended itself to all.

The Filipino Junta at Hong Kong and Aguinaldo had their emissaries at work among the Visayans, but before the energy thrown into the campaign by the 28th Infantry all signs of resistance disappeared. On one of his scouts, when he marched against a town where the Visayans were reported to be in hostile force, he was surprised to find, as he approached the town, the presidente with a white flag and a band of music, who greeted him cordially and escorted him into the town.

The people of Balingasag became over-zealous in their manifestations of friendship, but this young lieutenant, self-reliant, intrepid, was there at his post with his eyes vigilantly about him, not over-confident of the sincerity of these friendly Visayan professions. It was midnight where he was when it was noon here, in more senses than one. The heat was intense, as he was within eight degrees of the equator, but it was one of the



LIEUTENANT C. RODMAN JONES, FIRST CAVALRY U. S. A., AT BATANGAS

July, 1902

pleasantest situations he had found. Balingasag was high; he was in the shade of mango and palm trees, and was refreshed by the cool breezes from Macajalar Bay and the tropical dews of the night.

As the end of the two years' enlistment of the 28th Infantry was now drawing to a close, Lieutenant Jones, in command of his company, embarked on the transport "Thomas" at Balingasag in the bright early morning of Tuesday, the 5th of March, 1901. After enjoying for a week the cruise of the transport along the coast, picking up the other companies of the regiment at their stations, renewing the bonds of old comradeships, and with the prospect of home before them, they set sail for Manila on the 11th, where they arrived two days later. They had been three months in Mindanao. On the 16th they set sail for Nagasaki, Japan, and cast anchor in that port ten days later. After two days spent there, during which Lieutenant Jones and the other officers visited the town and the regiment disembarked for practice march, the voyage was continued to San Francisco. Upon their arrival there they disembarked and went into their old camp at the Presidio, Monday, April 15, 1901. Here they were mustered out of service, May 1, 1901, and returned to their homes, thoroughly bronzed from their long and successful service under the tropical sun of the Philippines.

The regiment left behind it two officers and thirty-eight men, who had died in the service of

their country. Others have died since. With some of their countrymen of stoic mind this may seem no more than a cruel fate, but many a home has been desolate because of it ever since. People speak freely, even with pride, of a country's gratitude, but they who have not been more closely touched are not able entirely to conceive how full the measure of the sacrifice was that earned that gratitude. In these desolate homes no measure of glory, however full, can compensate for the loss of the faces they are never to see again.

In the meantime the regular army (to take the place of the volunteers) had been largely increased, and on his creditable record in the War Department as a gallant soldier in the Philippines Lieutenant Jones was commissioned by President Roosevelt a lieutenant in the 1st Cavalry, United States Army, with rank from February 2, 1901. At his own request he was again ordered to the Philippines. For a time he was stationed at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, from whence he began his second journey to the Philippines, Tuesday, January 7, 1902, with 300 recruits. At Chicago the train on which they travelled was wrecked, and three of his men were injured.

After another short stay in his old camp at the Presidio he sailed, Sunday, February 16, 1902, with 385 men, from San Francisco on the army transport "Warren," on his second voyage across the Pacific for the Philippines. The transport

was obliged to put back by stress of weather, and lost one of her propeller blades on the way to Honolulu. In a leaky condition the transport continued her voyage to Manila, Friday, February 28, 1902, but became totally disabled by the loss of another blade of her propeller, and was fortunate in being able to get back to Honolulu. Lieutenant Jones was detained there with his troops amid the delightful surroundings of Honolulu for several weeks, awaiting the repairs to the transport, when he continued his voyage and joined his new regiment, the 1st Cavalry, at Batangas, not far from his old station at Balayan, where he had had such a long and active line of duty. While at Honolulu he found the vessel in which he had made his voyage to South Africa five years before.

The trying experiences of "hiking" were about over, the troops being assigned to the more comfortable duty of garrisoning the towns; and while Lieutenant Jones was stationed at Batangas, the war in the Philippines was brought to a close by the surrender of General Malvar, the successor of Aguinaldo.

Lieutenant Jones was ordered from Batangas to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and upon his retirement from the army after the pacification of the Philippines was commended in writing by Secretary of War Root upon his honorable military record and for his gallant conduct as a soldier upon the field of battle.

The suppression of the insurrection in the Philippines was a difficult and great national achievement, critically watched by all the nations of the earth. It will be long before this striking and unusual episode in the history of the country will be forgotten, and those who contributed to it by their valor, patriotism, and sacrifices, in however small a way, are entitled to the gratitude of their countrymen. This is the only form of reward an American soldier receives, but it is always generously bestowed.

Already the importance of the Philippines to the growing interests of the United States in the Pacific is being recognized, and the extent to which Manila Bay is being fortified will make them the strongest place in the Pacific for the protection of those interests; so that all who served in making them what they are are entitled to their enduring place in history. What they did was not easily accomplished; what they won was won at heavy cost. But it was important. The Philippines belonged to the United States by treaty, but they were not theirs in fact. Their title was disputed. Except within the lines about Manila, the islands were withheld from them by the grasp of the hostile, organized natives. The troops had been called upon by the United States to finish the work Dewey had begun, to brush away this cloud upon their title, to put them into possession by force, to make their ownership real. It took years of sacrifice to do it. It is too early as

yet for them to look for their reward, but hereafter when the Philippines shall have assumed their full value and importance to the United States, it will be recorded in history to their honor that they did their work well. Already what took place then in the Philippines is bearing fruit. A telegraphic cable connects them with San Francisco. Steamship facilities of communication have been greatly improved. Travel and trade have largely increased. The Panama Canal will soon be completed. Japan has crushed the aspirations of Russia in the Pacific. American supremacy there is beginning to dawn, and, as the result, war between the United States and Japan is seriously discussed. An immense armed fleet has been sent all over the Pacific by the United States, and recognized and welcomed—cordially received everywhere.

The important part these troops played there is all over now. The curtain has fallen upon their part in this drama. Whatever we have of it (and we certainly have not all) only comes to us with a certain meteoric splendor from the past; but as time goes on, their renown must become more and more firmly established, and the people of a hundred years hence will read of them long after we have been forgotten, and so *in sæcula sæculorum*. When in those distant days some child shall ask, "Did these go through all that?" the answer must be, "Yes, and more." One must not look for nor expect things like these to come from

the seclusion and quiet of the counting-house, the office, the counter, or the desk.

And so it was permitted to these young men to stand in those far-eastern places, upon the threshold of a policy whose stupendous outcome in the distant future not even the foresight of the wisest can discern, as the instruments on the other side of the world of the youngest nation, where the oldest races and the oldest peoples had flourished for ages and ages, time out of mind. Were the power and control there some day to change hands? Was the star of empire to go westward some day this far? Were they preparing the way for those distant changes? Were they helping to make a foothold, 'way off there, for that policy? Were they the humble instruments in the hands of fate at the small beginning of changes that were some day to affect the destiny of the world? If so, they were making history indeed. If so, their history should be written when all these things come to pass.

With a high sense of all that was imposed upon him by the uniform he wore in this cause, Lieutenant Jones sought rather than shirked every opportunity that was within his reach during his long and arduous military service, regardless of the danger to which it exposed him and of the consequences to himself, and he performed conscientiously everything he undertook, with credit to his sense of duty, his capacity, and his perseverance. His superior officers came to understand that they could depend upon him. They had

confidence in his courage, his judgment, his vigilance, and his tenacity. They felt safe when he was in command of the outpost. When serious work was to be done, like the capture of Bourbon or the relief of Biegler, they selected him. It was a short but brilliant career, to which this brief sketch does but meagre justice.

Lieutenant Jones had thus sustained himself creditably for nearly five of the best years of his life, in active military duty in the service of his country in time of war. Five years out of twenty-eight, at that time of life, is no small contribution to any cause, even if the reward be fame. He came successfully out of about the whole of it, as we have seen, to his honor, and it was not accidental. It was the result of the combination of certain elements of strength in his character: the power to close his mind to every form of danger that encompassed him about on every side; a proper regard for the safety and comfort of those who were under him, not exposing them to any peril he did not share; forgetfulness of comfort and ease, or even the simple requirements of existence, for himself, in the contemplation of the object he had before him; ability and good judgment in the arrangement of his plans, and directness and caution in the execution of them; utter obliviousness of the possibility of failure, and a stolid determination to succeed. A newspaper correspondent called it "audacity," upon one very trying occasion. Often, of course, this taxed his

powers of endurance to the uttermost limit; but he held on, though it would have been far better for his own sake and for the sake of his friends, if he had given up when he should have done so.

He was under twenty-eight when, the emergency which called him into service having passed, he returned to the pursuits of civil life. Though they were tame when compared with the stormy and varied experiences through which he had passed, he thoroughly enjoyed the change. He had no liking for army life in time of peace. He had travelled more, into far more distant regions, had been thrown with more of the strange inhabitants of the earth, had undergone more trials, hardships, and dangers, and had experienced far more of the realities of life, than fall to the lot of most young men of his age. It gave him a distinction which was generally recognized, and brought him into a prominence that was unusual at his time of life.

Without any previous military training or experience, he became by his adaptability an efficient officer. Without any inclination or taste for military life, he left his civil calling and the comforts of home to answer the call of his country, and he continued in that service until the emergency was passed. There was always present, however, in his life, throughout those long years, a consciousness of sacrifice, but though it may at times have become oppressive, he never complained or allowed it for a moment to swerve him from what he considered to be the line of his duty.

When the time came, however, when he could lay those duties down, he did so with a sense of relief, in the consciousness that he had performed them faithfully.

The youth of his neighborhood sent him flowers while he lay upon his sick-bed after Chickamauga, and prized souvenirs from the uniforms he had worn in the Philippines.

He never fully recovered from the ravages of the fever of Chickamauga, nor his long exposure to the tropical miasmas of the Philippines. They undermined an otherwise vigorous constitution, and ultimately broke him down.

Lieutenant Jones had a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, to whom he was known for his bright social qualities and his genial disposition. How many of them will recall with pleasure the flashes of his wit!

That fine soldier, Colonel Leonard of the 28th Infantry, his commanding officer, wrote of him as follows: "He was one of the first of the officers to report at Camp Meade in 1899, and in the ensuing two years I saw a great deal of him, and I shall always recall with pleasure his enthusiasm in those days. His attractive personality and his unfailing good humor made him popular with officers and men. He liked his duties, too, and in the frequent affairs with the natives he showed both courage and judgment. His record was honorable and manly, and I wish we could have had more young officers such as he."

That distinguished soldier, Major-General J. Franklin Bell, now the head of the army of the United States, under whom Lieutenant Jones faithfully served at Batangas, and under whose able direction the insurrection in the Philippines was brought to a close, wrote of him as follows: "Upon my return to Washington after several months' absence I was grieved to hear of the death of Lieutenant C. Rodman Jones. Lieutenant Jones came under my personal observation during the Batangas Campaign of the Philippine Insurrection, which followed the Spanish-American War, and during those trying days he proved himself to be a courageous young soldier, always cheerful and good-natured, and ever ready to take the field with his troop. I never knew him to miss duty in that capacity, he having been the type of soldier who knows no fear and is always eager to participate in the event of actual hostilities."

A soldier could not receive greater praise, nor praise from a higher source.

The way in which he led his soldier life rose to the dignity of an example. Like all his other conduct in life, it was done with few words but with emphatic action.

There were so many more things crowded into his few years than usually come into the life of one so young, that he seemed older than he was—more mature. He had that kind of charity that suffereth long and is kind. At his best he was one

of the wittiest and most entertaining of companions.

He was of a singularly gentle and tender cheerfulness, which even the trials of life could not easily suppress. Kindly, sensitive, sympathetic, always good-humored and good-natured, of generous impulses, it gave him real pleasure to contribute to the pleasure of others. A neighbor in the country, in the humbler walks of life, whom he knew, lost a child. He was the only one of the few who were present at the funeral not of their class. One of their friends afterwards wrote: "I saw him with his hand on the shoulder of the mother, trying to console her; which showed the kind of man he was."

His personal and social gifts made him a conspicuous figure in the highest functions of Philadelphia society. Few men of his age took a larger and more intelligent interest in the men and passing events of his time, or were brought into contact with more people in every relation of life; and few were more admired or more largely known.

He came of a good stock, well rooted in American soil, of ancestors who, like himself, had answered the call of their country in earlier times, and, according to his opportunities, he proved himself worthy of them. He honored his father and his mother. He had the high spirit of that stock, too, as his conduct showed, and he had a more brilliant record within his brief span of years than the best of them, according to what is known of them in

their day. He was an actor in world-history. How few of all the young men we know have a record like it!

His standards of life were high and exacting, and though, like the best of us, he may not always have been able to live up to them, he expected it in others, and every deviation from them on his own part caused him suffering.

He was favored by nature—dark hair and hazel-colored eyes, handsome, dignified, with a presence likely to impress even the ordinary observer, bright, courteous, always considerate of others, and anxious to be helpful to his fellow men—especially so. A prominent citizen of Philadelphia once wrote of him: "I have always observed the neatness of his appearance, and his gentlemanly deportment."

Another wrote of him after his death: "The magnificent record he made for himself as a soldier in the service of his country at an important period in its history will be referred to with just pride by his family and their descendants for many generations. He always displayed the characteristics of a true gentleman, which he was."

When we left him in the family lot in the beautiful cemetery at Reading, alone with his God, there was a military funeral in another part, and the strains of the band playing Chopin's funeral march floated softly over us as a requiem and a refrain of the past, as we laid him affectionately to his eternal rest.

CHARLES HENRY JONES
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PHILADELPHIA

November 20th. 1909

Mr. Wilberforce Fames

N.Y. Public Library, New York.

Dear Sir

I am sending you to-day, under another cover, to add to my "Whitemarsh Address" and "Camp on the Neshaminy", ~~etc.~~, a little memorial of my son Lieutenant C. Rodman Jones. There

are but fifty copies of this Memoir and I believe it to be
a wise policy to put them in a place like your library where
they will be accessible for all time.

Very truly yours

Richard Henry Long

